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Second Part of

# LESSONS

*Maria* <sup>FOR</sup> *Num<sup>r</sup> 2*  
given to her by Mr Draper  
**CHILDREN,**

OF

THREE YEARS OLD.

DUBLIN:

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LESSONS

FOR CHILDREN,

OF THREE YEARS OLD.

CHARLES, what a clever thing it is to read!

A little while ago, you know, you could only read little

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words ; and you were forced to spell them c--a--t, cat ; d--o--g, dog. Now you can read pretty stories, and I am going to write you some.

Do you know why you are better than Puss ? Puss can play as well as you ; and Puss can drink milk, and lie upon the carpet ; and she

can run as fast as you, and faster too, a great deal; and she can climb trees better; and she can catch mice, which you cannot do. But can Puss talk? No. Can Puss read? No. Then that is the reason why you are better than Puss—because

you can talk and read. Can Pierrot, your dog, read?

No. Will you teach him?

Take the pin and point to the words. No--he will not learn. I never saw a little dog or cat learn to read.

But little boys can learn. If you do not learn, Charles, you are not good for half as

much as a Puff. You had  
better be drowned.



What a clock is it,  
Charles? it is twelve o'clock.  
It is noon. Come in the  
garden then. Now where is  
the sun? Turn your face to-  
wards him. Look at the sun.

That is South; always when it is twelve o'clock, and you look at the sun, your face is towards the South.

Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards. That is East. In the morning, when it is going to be light, you must look just there, and presently you will see the

sun get up. Always in the morning look there for the sun; for the sun rises in the East. Now turn your back to the sun. Look straight forwards. That is North. Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards. That is West. When you have had your supper, and it is going

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to be night, look for the sun  
just there. He is always  
there when he goes to bed;  
for the sun sets in the West.

North, South, East, West.



The wind blows. Which  
way does the wind blow?  
Take out your handkerchief.  
Throw it up. The wind  
blows it this way. The  
wind comes from the north.  
The wind is north. It is a

cold wind. The wind was west yesterday, then it was warm.



Rain comes from the clouds. Look, there are black clouds. How fast they move along! Now they have hid the sun. They

have covered up the sun,  
just as you cover up your  
face when you throw a hand-  
kerchief over it. There is  
a little bit of blue sky still.  
Now there is no blue sky at  
all : it is all black with the  
clouds. It is very dark,  
like night. It will rain soon.

Now it begins. What large drops ! The ducks are very glad, but the little birds are not glad ; they go and shelter themselves under the trees. Now the rain is over. It was only a shower. Now the flowers smell sweet, and the sun shines, and the little birds sing again, and it is

not so hot as it was before  
it rained.

is a small table on which

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is placed a small chair for us.

We will drink tea out of  
doors. Bring the tea-things.

Come, fetch your hat. It  
is very pleasant. But here  
is no table. What must we  
do? O, here is a large round

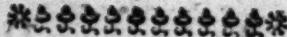
stump of a tree, it will do  
very well for a table. But we  
have no chairs. Here is a  
seat of turf, and a bank al-  
most covered with violets;  
we shall sit here, and you  
and Billy may lie on the  
carpet. The carpet is in  
the parlour. Yes, there is a  
carpet in the parlour, but

there is a carpet here too.

What is it? The grass is  
the carpet out of doors.

Pretty green soft carpet! and  
it is very large, for it spreads  
every where, over all the  
fields, and over all the mea-  
dows: and it is very plea-  
sant for the sheep and the

lambs to lie down upon. I  
do not know what they  
would do without it, for  
they have no feather bed to  
sleep upon.



It is a pleasant evening.  
Come hither, Charles, look  
at the sun. The sun is in

the West. Yes, because he is going to set. How pretty the sun looks! We can look at him now; he is not so bright as he was at dinner-time, when he was up high in the sky. And how beautiful the clouds are! There are crimson clouds, and purple and gold-coloured

clouds. Now the sun is going down down a great pace. Now we can see only half of him. Now we cannot see him at all. Farewell, sun! till to morrow morning.

But now, Charles, turn your face the other way, to the East. What is it that shines so behind the

trees? Is it a fire? No, it is the moon. It is very large; and how red it is! like blood. The moon is round now, because it is full moon; but it will not be so round tomorrow night; it will lose a little bit: and the next night it will lose a little bit more; and more

the next night; and so on,  
till it is like your bow when  
it is bent: and it will not be  
seen till after you are in bed:  
and it will grow less and less,  
till in a fortnight there will  
be no moon at all. Then,  
after that, there will be a  
new moon; and you will  
see it in the afternoon; and

it will be very very thin at first, but it will grow rounder and bigger every day, till at last, in another fortnight, it will be a full moon again like this, and you will see it rise again behind the trees.

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Do you know what raisins are? They are grapes dried a great deal. Grapes, you know, grow upon vines; but raisins are made of larger grapes than those upon the vine in the garden: they come from a great way off. Do you know what sugar

comes from ? Sugar comes from a cane like a walking-stick, that grows in the ground ; they squeeze the juice out, and boil it a great deal, and that makes sugar. And what is tea ? Tea is a leaf that grows upon a shrub, and that is dried a great deal.

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Charles wants some bread  
and butter---But the bread  
is not baked. Then bid  
Christopher Clump heat his  
oven and bake it---But the  
loaf is not kneaded. Then  
bid little Margery take the  
dough and knead it---But the

flour is not ground. Then take it to the mill, and bid Roger the miller grind it—But the corn is not threshed. Then bid John Dobbins take his flail and thresh it—But the corn is not reaped. Then bid Dick Clodpole take his sickle and cut it—But the wheat is not sown.

Then bid Farmer Diggory  
take the seed and sow it—  
But the field is not ploughed.  
Then bid Ralph Wifeacre  
take the horses and plough  
it—But the plough is not  
made. Then go to Hum-  
phrey Hiccor the carpenter,  
and bid him make one—But  
there is never a plough-share.

Then bid Firebrass the smith  
go to his anvil and beat one.

—But we have no butter.

Then go to market, Sufan,  
and buy some. But the but-  
ter is not churned. Then  
take your churn, Dolly, and  
churn some—But the cow  
is not milked. Then take  
your pail, Cicely, and milk

it---Now, Betty, pray spread  
Charles a slice of bread and  
butter.



Charles, do not you re-  
member the caterpillar we  
put into a paper box, with  
some mulberry leaves for it  
to eat? Let us go and look

at it. It is gone--here is no caterpillar--there is something in the box; what is it? I do not know. It is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar. No, here is nothing but a strange little grub, and it is dead, I believe, for it does

not move. Pinch it gently by the tail. Now it stirs: it is not dead quite. Charles, this grub is your caterpillar; it is indeed. That yellow stuff is silk. The caterpillar spun all that silk, and covered itself up with it; and then it was turned into this grub. Take it, and lay it in the

fun; we will come and look at it again to morrow morning—Well, this is very surprising! here is no grub at all to be found. Did not we put it on this sheet of paper last night? Yes we did. And no body has been in the room to meddle with it? No, no body at all has been

in the room. Is there nothing upon the sheet of paper? Yes, here is a white butterfly. I wonder how it came here; for the windows are shut. Perhaps the grub is turned into a butterfly. It is, indeed; and look, here is the empty shell of the grub. Here is where the

butterfly came out. But the butterfly is too big; this shell could not hold him. Yes, it did, because his wings were folded up, and he lay very snug. It is the same, I assure you, Charles; all the pretty butterflies that you see flying about were

caterpillars once, and crawled on the ground.'

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Charles, you must not go out into the fields by yourself, nor without leave. You are a very little boy, you know; and if you were to venture out by yourself you would be lost; then you

would cry, and night would come, and it would be dark, and you could not find your way home, and you would have no bed ; you would be forced to lie down in the fields upon the wet cold grass, and perhaps you would die, and that would be a sad tale to tell.

I will tell you a story about a lamb. There was once a Shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink ; and if they were sick he was very good to them ; and when

they climbed up a steep hill and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms; and when they were all eating their suppers in the field he used to sit upon a stile, and play them a tune, and sing to them; and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world.

But every night this Shepherd used to pen them up in a fold. Do you know what a sheep-fold is? Well, I will tell you. It is a place like the court; but instead of pales there are hurdles, which are made of sticks that will bend, such as osier twigs; and they are twisted and

made very fast, so that nothing can creep in, and nothing can get out. Well, and so every night when it grew dark and cold, the Shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs, together, and drove them into the fold, and penned them up, and there they lay as snug and

warm and comfortable as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them, and the dogs lay round on the outside to guard them, and to bark if any body came near ; and in the morning the Shepherd unpenned the fold, and let them all out again.

Now they were all very

happy, as I told you, and loved the Shepherd dearly, that was so good to them-- all except one foolish little lamb. And this lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the fold; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, I wonder why

we are shut up so every night!  
the dogs are not shut up,  
and why shou'd we be shut  
up? I think it is very hard,  
and I will get away if I can,  
I am resolved, for I like to  
run about where I please,  
and I think it is very plea-  
sant in the woods by moon-  
light---Then the old sheep

said to her, you are very silly,  
you little lamb, you had  
better stay in the fold. The  
Shepherd is so good to us  
that we should always do as he  
bids us; and if you wander  
about by yourself, I dare say  
you will come to some harm.  
I dare say not, said the little  
lamb; and so when the even-

ing came, and the Shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept slyly under a hedge and hid herself; and when the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about; and she got out of

the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave and howled very loud. Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold ; but the fold was a great way off---and the wolf saw her, and seized her, and carried her away to

a dismal dark den, all covered with bones and blood; and there the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb---and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and eat her up.

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Gold is of a deep yellow colour. It is very pretty and bright. It is exceeding heavy ; heavier than any thing else. Men dig it out of the ground. Shall I take my spade and get some? No, there is none in the fields

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hereabouts: It comes from a great way off; and it lies deeper a great deal than you could dig with a spade. Guineas are made of gold; and half guineas. This watch is gold; and the looking glass frame, and the picture frames are gilt with gold. Here is some leaf gold. What

is leaf gold? It is gold beat very thin ; thinner than leaves or paper.

Silver is white and shining. The spoons are silver ; and the waiter is silver ; and crowns, and half crowns, and shillings, and sixpences are made of silver. Silver

comes from a great way off  
too.

Copper is red. The kettles and pots are made of copper; and brass is made of copper. Brass is bright and yellow like gold almost. This sauce-pan is made of brass; and the locks upon the door, and this candlestick.

What is this green upon the sauce-pan? It is rusty; the green is verdigris; it would kill you, if you were to eat it.

Iron is very hard. It is not pretty, but I do not know what we should do without it, for it makes us a great many things. Go and ask the cook whether

she can roast her meat without a spit. Well, what does she say? She says she cannot. But the spit is made of iron; and so are the tongs, and the poker, and shovel. Go and ask Dobbin if he can plough without the plough-share. Well, what does he say? He says No, he can-

not. But the plough-share  
is made of iron. Will iron  
melt in the fire? Put the  
poker in and try. Well, is  
it melted? No; but it is  
red hot, and soft; it will  
bend. But I will tell you,  
Charles; Iron will melt in  
a very very hot fire when it  
has been in a great while;

then it will melt. Come, let us go to the smith's shop. What is he doing ? He has a forge : he blows the fire with a great pair of bellows to make the iron hot. Now it is hot. Now he takes it out with the tongs, and puts it upon the anvil. Now he beats it with a hammer.

How hard he works ! The sparks fly about : pretty bright sparks ! What is the blacksmith making ? he is making nails, and horse shoes, and a great many things.

Steel is made of iron. Steel is very bright, and sharp, and hard. Knives and scissars are made of steel.

Lead is soft and very heavy. Here is a piece: lift it. There is lead in the casement; and the spout is lead, and the cistern is lead, and bullets are made of lead. Will lead melt in the fire? Try: put some on the shovel: hold it over the fire. Now it is all melted. Pour

it into this basin of water.  
How it hisses ! What pretty  
things it has made !

Tin is white and soft. It  
is bright too. The canisters,  
and the dripping pan, and  
the reflector are all covered  
with tin.

Quicksilver is very bright  
like silver ; and it is very

heavy. See how it runs about!

You cannot catch it. You  
cannot pick it up. There is  
quicksilver in the barometer.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron,  
Lead, Tin, Quicksilver.

One, two, three, four, five,  
six, seven---What? Metals.

They are all dug out of the  
ground.



Marble is dug out of the ground. It is very hard: you cannot cut it with a knife; but the stone cutter can cut it. There is white marble, and black, and green, and red, and yellow marble. The chimney piece

is made of marble, and the monument in the church.

Stones come out of the ground, and flints. Here are two flints: they are very hard: strike them both together. Ah! here is fire; here are sparks. Gravel is dug out of gravel pits. They put it into carts, and then

make gravel walks with it, or else mend the roads with it. Chalk and fuller's earth are dug out of the ground. Coals come out of the ground. Men dig great deep pits, and so they go down into them, and get the coal with pick-axes, and bring it up. Those men are colliers: they are

very black, but I do not know how we should do for coals to make fires without them. A great many things come out of the ground; sure it is very deep! Yes, it is very deep. If you were to dig a hundred years, you would never come to the bottom, it is so deep.

Charles, here is a ring for you to play with. See how it sparkles ! Hold it against the sun. I see all colours in it. What is this bright shining stone ? It is a diamond. It is very hard ; you may write upon the glass with it. A Ruby is red ; bright crimson red.

Emerald is green. A Topaz is yellow. A Saphire is blue. The Amethyst is purple. The Garnet is red. The Beryl is light green. All these are dug out of the earth. They are called jewels—precious stones. And here is a white round bead, which is very pretty; it is

in an ear-ring. What is it ?

It is a pearl. And does that come out of the ground too ?

No, it comes out of the sea.

Pearls are found in oyster-shells.

Will stones melt in the fire ? No.

Does glass come out of the ground ? No. People

make glass in a glass-house.  
They have great fires burning  
all day and all night. You  
shall go to a glass-house some  
day and see them make it.



A tree has a root that goes  
under the ground a great  
way. The roots are like

its legs: the tree could not stand without it. Then the tree has a trunk; a large, thick, strait trunk. That is its body. Then the tree has branches. Those are like arms. They spread out very far. Then there are boughs; and upon the boughs, leaves and blossoms.

Here is a blossom upon the apple-tree. Will the blossom be always upon the tree? No, it will fall off soon; perhaps it will fall off to-night. But then do you know what comes instead of the blossom? What? The fruit. After the apple blossoms, there will be apples,

Then if the blossom falls off to night, shall I come here and get an apple to morrow ? No, you must have patience : there will not be ripe apples a great while yet. There will be first a little little thing hardly bigger than a pin's head, That will swell, and grow

bigger every day, and harder, till at last it will come to be a great apple. But you must not eat it yet ; you must let it hang till the sun has made it red, and till you can pull it off easily. Now it is ripe : it is as red as your cheeks. Now gather it and eat it.

Has a flower a root too?

Yes: here is a cowslip; we will pull it up. See, here are roots like strings; here is the stem of the cowslip; here is the foot-stalk; here is the flower-cup; here are the leaves of the flower; and a pretty flower it is: fine

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yellow with crimson spots.

Here are the seeds. If the seeds are put in the ground, when they are ripe, another flower will grow up.



A she Horse is a Mare.  
A young Horse is a Colt. A  
very young Horse is a Foal.

A she Lion is a Lioness.

Tyger, Tygress.

Bull, Cow, Calf, Ox.

Boar, Sow, Pig, Hog.

Sheep, Ram, Ewe, Lamb,

Wether.

Dog, Bitch, Puppy,

Whelp.

Cat, Kitten.

Cock, Hen, Chicken.

Gander, Goose, Gosling.

Drake, Duck, Duckling.

Eagle, Eaglet.

Stag, Buck, Doe, Hart,

Hind, Fawn.

Hare, Leveret.

Cat, Kitten.



The Lion lives in a den.  
He is very strong. He has  
a great deal of thick yellow  
hair about his neck. That  
is his mane. He has very  
sharp claws; they would  
tear you to pieces. Look!

at him. He is very angry. See, he lashes his sides with his tail: his eyes sparkle like fire. He roars: how loud he roars! It is very terrible. He shows his sharp teeth. His tongue is very rough. The Lion sleeps all day in his den. When it is night, he comes out, and prowls

about to find something to eat. He eats Cows, and sheep, and horses; and he would eat you too, if you were within his reach. The Lioness has no mane. She is like a great dog. Any body would be afraid of a Lion if he was to come. Yes, any body would be

afraid of a Lion, Charles: but you need not be afraid of dogs, they are good creatures. I will tell you a story.

There was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of every thing almost. He was afraid of the two little kids, Nanny

and Billy, when they came  
and put their noses through  
the pales of the court ; and  
he would not pluck Billy  
by the beard. What a silly  
little boy he was ! Pray  
what was his name ? Nay,  
indeed, I shall not tell you  
his name, for I am ashamed

of him. Well, he was very  
much afraid of dogs too;  
he always cried if a dog  
barked, and ran away, and  
took hold of his mamma's  
apron like a baby. What a  
foolish fellow he was! for  
dogs do not hurt, you know;  
they love little boys, and  
play with them. Did you

ever see a dog eat up a little boy? No, never, I dare say. Well; so this simple little boy was walking by himself one day, and a pretty black dog came out of a house, and said Bow, wow; bow, wow; and came to the little boy, and jumped upon him, and wanted to

play with him; but the little boy ran away. The dog ran after him, and cried louder, Bow, bow, wow; but he only meant to say, Goodmorrow, how do you do? but this little boy was sadly frightened, and ran away as fast as ever he could, without looking before him,

and he tumbled into a very  
dirty ditch, and there he lay  
crying at the bottom of the  
ditch, for he could not get  
out : and I believe he would  
have lain there all day, but  
the dog was so good-natured,  
that he went to the house  
where the little boy lived,

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on purpose to tell them where he was. So when he came to the house, he scratched at the door, and said, Bow wow; for he could not speak any plainer. So they opened the door.

What do you want, you black dog? We do not know you. Then the dog went

to Ralph the fervant, and pulled him by the coat, and pulled him till he brought him to the ditch; and the dog and Ralph together got the little boy out of the ditch; but he was all over mud, and quite wet, and every body laughed at him because he was a coward.

Now Charles, my pen is tired, I cannot write any more at present, but if you are a good boy perhaps I may write you some more stories another time. Farewell.

T H E E N D.



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